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Rehearsal Script:

Project No: 1/LDL J 201H

"DOCTOR WHO" 7F

'The Flight of the Chimeron'

by

AMENDED VERSION OF
"DELTA AND THE
BANNERMEN"

Malcolm Kohl

EPISODE ONE

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O.B.:

24th June to 8th July
(Home and away. Incl. Travel)

DOCTOR WHO 7F - 'THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIMERON'. EPISODE ONE.

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
MEL
DELTA
RAY
BILLY
GAVROK
HAWK
WEISMULLER
MURRAY
TOLLMASER
BURTON
KEILLOR
WOUNDED CHIMERON
TOURIST
WOMAN TOURIST

SPEAKING NOT SEEN

TOLLPORT VOICE

NON-SPEAKING

BANNERMEN
ALIEN TOURISTS
CHIMERONS
HOLIDAY CAMPERS
HOLIDAY CAMP STAFF

* * * * *

MODEL SHOTS:

SPACE: American rocket and satellite
SPACE: Satellite and bus
SPACE: Bus and Tardis

O.B.:

Int. Tardis (Console Room)
Int. Bannermen Fighter flight deck (doubles for Fighter #2)
Int. Space Toll (Booth)
Ext. Space Toll Runway
Ext. Quarry. Battle area
Ext. Quarry. Overhang
Ext. Pine Forest
Ext. Welsh hillside

DOCTOR WHO 7F - 'THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIMERON'. EPISODE ONE.

O.B.: (cont)

Int. Space Toll Hanger
Int. Bus
Ext. Stream
Ext. Welsh Valley
Ext. Holiday Camp (Shangri-La). Vicinity of bus.
Int. Delta's Cabin
Ext. Boatshed. Holiday Camp
Int. Dining Hall. Holiday Camp
Int. Dance Hall. Holiday Camp
Ext. Hill top
Int. Laundry Store. Holiday Camp
Ext. Laundry Store. Holiday Camp

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7F

'The Flight of the Chimeron'

by

Malcolm Kohl

EPISODE ONE

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

1. INT. TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR IS AT
THE CONTROLS.
A SPACE TOLLPORT
IS ON THE SCREEN,
A PATTERN OF
LANDING LIGHTS
GETTING CLOSER.

THE TIME ROTOR
RISES AND FALLS,
LIGHTS FLASH.
MEL PEERS AT
THE SCREEN)

VOICE OVER: (DISTORT THROUGH INTERCOM)
Attention incoming craft. You are
approaching tollport G715. Please
have your credits ready.

THE DOCTOR: It's strange how in some galaxies these tollports spring up like mushrooms, yet in others you can go for light years without seeing a single one.

MEL: Er ... Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: I think it relates to the way in which space is being developed - there never was a consistent three-dimensional planning policy.

MEL: (INTERRUPTING) Doctor, something doesn't look right. Only the landing lights are on. It looks abandoned.

THE DOCTOR: Of course by ignoring the overspill from the fourth dimension entirely they sometimes built one port right on top of another, only realizing it when there was an interface slippage.

MEL: This is serious, Doctor. There's something wrong.

THE DOCTOR: I know it's serious - I don't have any change.

(HE FUMBLES IN
HIS POCKET. THE
SCREEN IS FILLED
BY THE TOLLPORT)

(Please) take five credits from the kitty.

(MEL REACHES INTO
A STRIPED TIN -
EMPTY)

MEL: There's nothing in here -
again!

THE DOCTOR: That kitty defies all
known physical laws. We always fill
it up and yet it's always empty.

(THE DOCTOR SUDDENLY
LOOKS HARD AT THE
SCREEN)

Mel! There's something wrong. Only
the landing lights are on!

(MEL GIVES HIM A
SIDELONG GLANCE
THEN TURNS TO
THE SCREEN. THE
IMAGE STABILIZES.
THE TIME ROTOR
SUBSIDES AND
THE FLASHING
LIGHTS GO OUT)

2. EXT. SPACE TOLL. RUNWAY. NIGHT.

(THE TARDIS IS
IN THE CENTRE
OF 3 CONCENTRIC
RINGS ON A
CONCRETE SLAB.
LIT BY A SINGLE
HARSH SPOT.
NEXT TO THE
RUNWAY IS A
SMALL TOLLSHED
IN DARKNESS.

BEHIND IT WE
CAN DISCERN A
COUPLE OF LARGE
HANGARS WITH G715
WRITTEN LARGE
ON THE SIDE.

MIST BLOWS ACROSS
THE COLD APRON.

THE TARDIS DOOR
OPENS AND THE
DOCTOR CAUTIOUSLY
PEERS OUT, THEN
EMERGES FOLLOWED
BY MEL.

BOTH ARE BEING
STEALTHY, EXPECTING
TROUBLE)

THE DOCTOR: Hmm, I don't like it
one little bit.

MEL: Me too. It's spooky.

THE DOCTOR: Be ready to get back to
the Tardis at the first sign of
trouble.

(A SEARCHLIGHT
CUTS THROUGH
THE NIGHT,
ISOLATING THEM
IN ITS GLARE)

VOICE OVER: Halt!

THE DOCTOR: (PEERING INTO THE DARKNESS)
Who's there? Why don't you come into
the light and show yourself?

(THE LIGHTS BLAZE
ON IN THE TOLLSHED,
REVEALING THE ALIEN
TOLLMASTER IN A
SPANGLY JACKET
AND BLOWING A
PARTY RAZZER.
HE IS GRINNING
FROM EAR TO EAR.
THE VOICE IS
HIS)

TOLLMASTER: Surprise! Welcome
friends, a thousand times welcome!

THE DOCTOR: Funny way of showing
your friendship. I thought you'd
been robbed by space pirates. Now,
about the toll fee ...

TOLLMASTER: Tonight is your lucky
night. You are our ...

(HE LEANS OUT OF
THE BOOTH AND
POINTS TO A
DIGITAL COUNTER
ABOVE HIS HEAD.
IT FLASHES 10,000,000,000)

... Ten Billionth customers!

(TOLLMASTER BLOWS
HIS RAZZER)

THE DOCTOR: Ten billion, eh? Well, congratulations. Now, if I can just settle up we'll be on our way.

TOLLMASTER: But you've won the Grand Prize!

MEL: What is it?! I've never won anything before!

(THE TOLLMASTER
PRODUCES A GOLD
ENVELOPE WHICH
HE TEARS OPEN)

TOLLMASTER: You have won ... Our Fabulous Fifties Tour - a week in Disneyland, planet Earth! This time they're going back to 1959!

MEL: That's fantastic! Oh let's go, Doctor - please agree - I haven't been to Earth in ages. Oh please.

(MEL LOOKS
APPEALINGLY
AT THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Yes, a week's holiday might in fact be quite pleasant, now that I think about it - a rolling green sward, a cool stream, birds twittering. Exactly what's needed, a large dose of tranquility.

3. EXT. QUARRY. DAY.

(A STRONG EXPLOSION
ROCKS THE SCREEN.

GREY FISSURED WALLS
RISE UP FROM THE
BEDROCK. HUGE
BLOCKS OF ROCK
LITTER THE FLOOR
OF THE AREA,
MAKING A MAZE
OF HIDING PLACES.
SMOKE BLOWS IN
HEAVY BILLOWS
ACROSS THE SCENE.

A FIERCE BATTLE
IS IN PROGRESS
BETWEEN THE SAVAGE
BANNERMEN AND THE
SOFT PUPA-LIKE
CHIMERONS. THE
FIELD IS LITTERED
WITH DEAD AND
DYING CHIMERONS.
THEY RESEMBLE
PUFFY MICHELIN
MEN IN IRRIDESCENT
GREEN SUITS,
SEGMENTED LIKE
INSECTS, SILVERY
GREEN SKIN.
THEIR HAIR IS
SILVER AND THEY
HAVE STARTLING
BLUE EYES.

STANDING ON A LARGE
BLOCK IS GAVROK,
THE BANNERMEN
LEADER, COMMANDING
THE ACTION. HE
IS AN AWESOME
SIGHT WITH RED
EYES AND A BLACK
MILITARISTIC UNIFORM.

GAVROK, HAS A
ZAP GUN SLUNG
ACROSS HIS CHEST
AND A SPEAR IN
ONE HAND FROM
WHICH HANG THE
LONG BLACK
PENNANTS OF
HIS EMPIRE.
IN THE OTHER
HAND IS A
CURVED RAM'S
HORN.

WE HEAR THE
CLASH AND
CLAMOUR OF
BATTLE.

HIDING IN A
NARROW FISSURE
IN THE ROCK
WALLS ARE A
WOUNDED CHIMERON
AND A WOMAN IN
A WHITE COMBAT
SUIT, THE BEAUTIFUL
DELTA. BOTH HAVE
GUNS IN THEIR
HANDS AND PICK
OFF BANNERMEN
WHEN THEY CAN.
JUST THEN A
MOURNFUL NOTE
MAKES THEM LOOK
UP. GAVROK HAS
THE HORN TO HIS
LIPS)

GAVROK: (SHOUTING) Take no
prisoners! Kill them all!

(FURY CREASES
DELTA'S BROW.
SHE POPS OUT
OF THE FISSURE
FOR AN INSTANT
AND FIRES! THE
RAM'S HORN
EXPLODES IN
GAVROK'S HAND.

CHIPS OF ROCK
RAIN DOWN ON
DELTA AND THE
CHIMERON AS
THEIR ENEMIES
GET THEIR RANGE)

DELTA: Are you strong enough to
run?

CHIMERON: Run where? They've
firebombed every ship we have.

DELTA: Then we'll have to take
one of theirs!

(DELTA PEERS
THROUGH THE
FUG LOOKING
FOR THEIR CRAFT.

SHE POINTS.

THE CHIMERON
FOLLOWS HER
SIGHTLINE)

4. EXT. QUARRY. OVERHANG. DAY.

(ANOTHER AREA OF
THE QUARRY.

A SQUAT BLACK
FIGHTER BRISTLING
WITH WEAPONS.
PARKED BENEATH
THE OVERHANG)

5. EXT. QUARRY. BATTLE AREA. DAY.

(DELTA AND THE
CHIMERON.

A BEAM STRIKES
JUST BEHIND HER
HEAD)

DELTA: Now!

(SHE AND THE
CHIMERON RUSH,
FIRING, FROM
THEIR HIDE.
EXPLOSIONS
ALL AROUND.

WE SEE A LARGE
BAG STRAPPED
TO THE CHIMERON'S
BACK)

6. INT. BANNERMEN FIGHTER. FLIGHT DECK.

(A BANNERMAN GUARDING
THE OPEN HATCH
SLUMPS DOWN.

DELTA SHOVES
HIM ASIDE AS
SHE AND THE
CHIMERON DASH
INSIDE)

DELTA: I'll cover the hatch while
you retract the anchor ballast.

(SHE FACES THE
DOOR. THE CHIMERON
TURNS TO THE
CONTROLS WHEN HE
CRIES OUT -
GAVROK IS BEHIND
HIM.

GAVROK FIRES
AND THE CHIMERON
GOES DOWN. GAVROK
FACES HER WITH A
LEER)

GAVROK: You are the last survivor,
but not for long. Move!

(HE GESTURES
HER TOWARDS
THE HATCH.
SHE RAISES
HER HANDS.

GAVROK COMES
UP TO HER AND
NUDGES HER
TOWARDS THE HATCH.

JUST THEN A
BEAM HITS
GAVROK ON THE
SHOULDER, KNOCKING
HIM OUT THE
HATCH.

DELTA SLAMS
IT SHUT AND
SPINS THE
LOCK. WE
HEAR MUFFLED
BANGING NOISES
AS SHE RUSHES
TO THE WOUNDED
CHIMERON WITH
HIS SMOKING GUN)

DELTA: You saved my life ...

CHIMERON: (WEAKLY) Go ... Get
away ... Take this with you ...

(HE PUSHES THE
BAG TO HER.
SHE OPENS IT
AND FINDS A
LARGE SILVER
ORB. SHE NODS.
THE CHIMERON
DIES. BANGING
NOISES INCREASE
AND THE SOUND
OF A DRILL BITING
INTO METAL BEGINS.
SHE SETS HER JAW
AND SITS AT THE
CONTROLS. SHE
FRANTICALLY TRIES
ALL THE KNOBS.

FINALLY THE SHIP
SHUDDERS THEN
TAKES OFF)

7. EXT. PINE FOREST. DAY.

(A REMOTE PINE
WOOD. BIRDS
CHIRPING - A
GENTLE CONTRAST TO
THE PREVIOUS
SCENE.

A MORRIS MINOR
APPEARS AND
COASTS TO A
HALT. TWO
LARGE AMERICANS
GET OUT, DRESSED
IN 50'S STYLE.
THEY ARE HAWK,
WITH BLACK-
RIMMED SPECTACLES,
AND WEISMULLER,
WITH A BEERGUT.

THEY CHECK THAT
THEY'RE ALONE
THEN GO TO A
TREE AT THE
ROADSIDE.

WEISMULLER STICKS
HIS ARM INTO A
HOLE AND TAKES
OUT A SMALL
ALUMINIUM SCREWTOP
FILM CAN.

INSIDE IS A MESSAGE.
HE READS THE NOTE
THEN HANDS IT TO
HAWK.

HAWK READS THE
NOTE THEN EATS
IT. THE NEWS
IN THE NOTE
CREATES A SOMBRE
MOOD)

WEISMULLER: I never had a red alert before.

HAWK: Me neither.

WEISMULLER: I reckon we'd better find a callbox fast.

HAWK: Out here?

(WEISMULLER SHRUGS
AND STARTS OFF
TOWARDS THE CAR.
HAWK FOLLOWS)

8. EXT. WELSH HILLSIDE. DAY.

(A BARE HILLSIDE
WITH A POLICE
CALLBOX BESIDE
A NARROW ROAD.
THE SCENE SHOULD
BE AMBIGUOUS -
WE DON'T KNOW
WHETHER OR NOT
WE'RE LOOKING
AT THE TARDIS.

UNTIL THE MORRIS
PUTTERS INTO
SHOT AND STOPS
BESIDE IT.
WEISMULLER CROSSES
TO THE BOX.

HAWK OPENS THE
CAR BOOT AND
PRODUCES A
BRASS TELESCOPE.

HE SWEEPS IT
OVER THE VALLEY.

WEISMULLER TAKES
A SMALL CODE BOOK
FROM HIS POCKET
AND PICKS UP
THE RECEIVER.

WE HEAR CLICKS
AND WHIRRS THEN
A LOUD RINGING.
WHEN IT'S ANSWERED
WEISMULLER STANDS
TO ATTENTION)

WEISMULLER: Hello, this is a Code
Eleven call, please patch me through
to the White House ... Washington
USA ... (SHOUTING) Hello? Yes sir,
agent Jerome P. Weismuller here.
From Wales. Wales, England. Yes
sir. Yes sir. We'll get right onto
it, sir.

(WEISMULLER HANGS
UP)

HAWK: Well?

WEISMULLER: That was the President's
right hand man. Whew!

HAWK: (HIS PATIENCE WEARING THIN)
Come on, Weismuller, spill the
beans! Why the red alert!

(WEISMULLER LOOKING
ROUND TO MAKE SURE
THEY'RE NOT
OVERHEARD)

WEISMULLER: Says that Cape Canaveral
has just fired a space rocket with
an artificial satellite.

HAWK: This is history, in the
making, Weismuller! Uh ... what
are we supposed to do about it?

(WEISMULLER TAKES
THE SCOPE FROM
HIM AND SCANS
THE SKIES)

WEISMULLER: Surveillance, Hawk.
It's our job to track the thing.

(HAWK GIVES A
LOW WHISTLE.

WEISMULLER HANDS
HAWK THE SCOPE
AND GETS INTO
THE CAR. HE
STARTS THE
ENGINE)

9. INT. SPACE TOLL. HANGAR.

(A HUGE HANGAR,
DIVIDED INTO
A MAZE OF
PASSAGES.

THE TOLLMASTER
APPEARS,
LEADING THE
DOCTOR AND MEL,
WHO CARRIES
HER SUITCASE,
DOWN SUCH A
PASSAGE)

MEL: Are we going to have a whole
cruiser to ourselves?

TOLLMASTER: No, you're going on a
scheduled tour with the Navarino
50's club.

THE DOCTOR: Navarinos - from the
tri-polar moon Navarro. Squat
hairy beings which resemble
artichokes, I believe. Won't they
be rather conspicuous on Earth?

TOLLMASTER: Not in the least.
They've all gone through a
transformation arch.

(THEY EMERGE INTO
THE OPEN BAY
AREA AND SEE A
50'S STREAMLINER
BUS WITH
'NOSTALGIA TRIPS'
WRITTEN ON THE
SIDE.

BESIDE THE BUS
ARE A GROUP OF
50'S PEOPLE,
TRYING TO URGE
A BIG LEAFY
HAIRY CREATURE
THROUGH A LARGE
ARCH LIKE A
METAL DETECTOR)

TOURIST: Don't be a scaredy cat!

(THE CREATURE
WHISTLES AND
BACKS AWAY
FROM THE ARCH.

THEY ALL LAUGH
AND ENCOURAGE
IT)

Come on. It doesn't even hurt!

(THE TOLLMASTER
ENTERS AT THE
FAR SIDE,
LEADING MEL AND
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Is that one of the
tourists?

TOLLMASTER: No, he's your pilot.

THE DOCTOR: This should be
interesting.

MEL: What should?

THE DOCTOR: Nostalgia Trips - the
most notorious holiday firm in
five galaxies. The ship which was
stuck with the Glass Eaters of Tharl
was a Nostalgia Trips cruiser.

TOLLMASTER: They may have had some problems in the past but that's all been sorted out now.

(MEL OPENS THE
BROCHURE AND
SHOWS THE
TOLLMASTER)

MEL: But the brochure shows a space cruiser, not an old bus!

TOLLMASTER: In fact it's actually an expensive conversion. The chassis and engine is from a Hellstrom II, the latest thing in cruisers. The bodywork is to please the tourists.

(THE LEAFY CREATURE
FINALLY HOPS
THROUGH THE ARCH.

IT'S BOMBARDED
BY LIGHTS, ETC.

WHEN IT CLEARS
WE SEE THAT THE
CREATURE HAS
TURNED INTO A
CHUBBY FIGURE
IN A WRINKLED
BUS DRIVER'S
UNIFORM, MURRAY)

MURRAY: I've been through that thing a hundred times but I still don't like it. Welcome aboard, I'm Murray.

MEL: I'm Mel and this is The Doctor.

MURRAY: That's great! Knowing Nostalgia Trips, we may need a doctor. Come on folks, all aboard!

(HE STARTS
SHEPHERDING THEM
ALL ONTO THE BUS)

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THE DOCTOR: You go ahead on the bus
Mel. I'll follow on in the Tardis.
It's just about as reliable.

MURRAY: You don't think the old
bus will make it, Doctor? Under-
neath this streamliner shell is a
Hellstrom Fireball engine - there's
none finer.

(MURRAY PATS THE
WING.

A MIRROR DROPS
OFF.

THE HANGAR
DOORS START
TO OPEN)

TOLLMASTER: Have fun now!

(HE BLOWS HIS
RAZZER ONE
LAST TIME)

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10. INT. BANNERMEN FIGHTER. FLIGHT DECK.

(DELTA PUTS THE
CRAFT ONTO AUTO
AND GOES TO THE
DEAD CHIMERON.

A TEAR FALLS AS
SHE STARES AT
HIM FOR A MOMENT,
THEN TAKES STOCK
AND COVERS HIM
WITH A SHEET.

SHE GOES BACK
TO THE CONTROLS.
A GREEN LIGHT
PULSES AND BLEEPS
ON THE CONSOLE
BEFORE HER.

JUST THEN THE
VIDEO SCREEN
CRACKLES INTO
LIFE, THERE IN
FRONT OF HER IS
GAVROK, HIS
SHOULDER BANDAGED
AND BLOODY, AND
AN UGLY SMIRK ON
HIS FACE)

GAVROK: You cannot escape me -
wherever you go I'll track you down.

DELTA: How many of my people
survived?

GAVROK: You are the last. Turn
back - there is nowhere you can
hide.

(HER EYE FALLS
ON THE GREEN
LIGHT)

DELTA: Your Trace Finder can follow the ship, Gavrok, but you'll never take me!

(SHE FLIPS THE
SCREEN OFF
AND BITES HER
THUMBNAIL AS
SHE THINKS
HARD)

VOICE OVER: Attention incoming craft. You are approaching tollport G715. Please have your credits ready.

(DELTA SNAPS INTO
ACTION. SHE
FREES THE AUTO
DRIVE AND TAKES
THE CONTROLS,
WRENCHING THE
SHIP INTO A
TIGHT TURN WITH
ONE HAND SHE
AIMS HER GUN AT
THE GREEN LIGHT)

11. INT. BANNERMEN FIGHTER#2. FLIGHT DECK.

(GAVROK IS STARING
AT KIND OF RADAR
DISH WITH A GREEN
BLIP APPEARING
IN SYNCH WITH
DELTA'S GREEN
LIGHT.

IT SUDDENLY GOES
OUT)

GAVROK: (ANGRILY) She's somehow
cut off the Homing Trace. Visual
Pursuit!

(THE VID SCREEN
COMES ALIVE.

HE SEES HER SHIP
IN THE DISTANCE.

IT SUDDENLY VEERS
OFF COURSE)

Copy her vector!

(HIS PILOT TRIES
TO TURN BUT IS
TOO SLOW)

You're overshooting, fool! She's
ducked into that space toll.

VOICE OVER: Attention incoming
craft. You are approaching ...

(GAVROK SLAMS HIS
FIST INTO THE
LOUDSPEAKER,
SILENCING IT.

ON THE SCREEN
WE GLIMPSE THE
SPACETOLL RUSH
PAST)

12. EXT. SPACE TOLL. RUNWAY. NIGHT.

(THE BUS EMERGES
FROM THE HANGAR
AND STOPS BESIDE
THE TARDIS.

A MAN WITH
SIGNALS GUIDES
THE BUS TO ITS
TAKE-OFF
POSITION.

JUST THEN THERE
IS A SCREAM OF
ENGINES AND
DELTA'S CRAFT
APPEARS.

HER POWERFUL
LANDING LIGHTS
RAKE ACROSS THE
SCENE.

THE HATCH FLIES
OPEN, SHE STARES
WILDLY AROUND
FOR A MOMENT
THEN RUNS ACROSS
THE APRON,
CLUTCHING THE
SILVER ORB.

DELTA JUMPS INTO
THE BUS AS IT
REVS ITS ENGINE.

SHE LOOKS OUT OF
THE WINDOW AND
CATCHES THE
DOCTOR'S EYE.

THERE IS A BRIEF
FLICKER BETWEEN
THEM AS MURRAY
TURNS UP THE
POWER AND STARTS
TO TRAVEL UP THE
RUNWAY.

WE HEAR THE RISING
SCREAM OF JET
ENGINES, QUICKLY
FADING.

THE BACKWASH
BLOWS OVER THE
DOCTOR WHO BLOCKS
HIS EARS AND
HOLDS HIS HAT IN
PLACE.

LIGHT FROM THE
AFTERBURNERS
DANCES ACROSS
HIS FACE.

THE EFFECT
PASSES QUICKLY
AS BUS BATHERS
SPEED.

THE DOCTOR
CROSSES TO THE
TARDIS, TAKES ONE
LAST LOOK AT THE
SMOKING FIGHTER
THEN SCANS THE
SKIES.

HE SEES NOTHING
AND ENTERS THE
TARDIS)

13. INT. BUS.

(OUTER SPACE.

STARS VISIBLE
THROUGH WINDOWS.

MURRAY PUTS
ON A BILL HALEY
TAPE FOR THE
RIGHT AMBIENCE.

WE HEAR 'ROCK
AROUND THE CLOCK')

MURRAY: Please keep your lapstraps
fastened for the flight and no
dancing in the aisles. Now, are we
all feeling fine?

THEM: Yes!!!

MURRAY: Alright! 1959, here we
come!

(MURRAY SETS
VARIOUS DIALS
AND CONTROLS.

THE BUS SURGES
FORWARD)

14. EXT. STREAM. DAY.

(HAWK AND WEISMULLER
ARE BESIDE A SMALL
STREAM WITH MOSSY
ROCKS AND GNARLED
TREES.

WEISMULLER HAS A
VALVE RADIO ON
HIS LAP, WIRED TO
A 12V BATTERY.
BAKELITE EARPHONES
ON HIS HEAD.

HAWK IS UP A TREE
TYING AN AERIAL
WIRE IN PLACE.

SHEEP WANDER
THROUGH THE
SCENE)

HAWK: That better? You hear
anything yet?

WEISMULLER: All I get is House-
wives' Choice. I can't even find
any Do-Wop.

HAWK: No signal from the satellite?

WEISMULLER: You try. (cont ...)

(HAWK OUT OF
THE TREE.

WEISMULLER HANDS
HIM THE CANS.

HAWK TWIDDLES
THE DIAL.

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WEISMULLER EXTENDS
THE TELESCOPE)

WEISMULLER: (cont) It's hopeless,
Hawk. It could be anywhere ...

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15. MODEL SHOT.

(OUTER SPACE,
AN AMERICAN
ROCKET PARTS
FROM ITS
SATELLITE.

THE ROCKET
FALLS AWAY,
THE SATELLITE
WITH ITS
STARS AND
STRIPE GOES
INTO ORBIT)

16. INT. BUS.

MURRAY: Come on now, all of you!
Sing.

(MEL LEADS THE
SINGING.

EVERYONE JOINS
IN.

MEL GLANCES AT
DELTA WITH
CURIOSITY
HAVING NOTICED
THE LOOK SHE
SHARED WITH
THE DOCTOR.

DELTA ABSTRACTED
AND UPSET.

THEY ARE BOTH
SITTING BEHIND
MURRAY.

SOMEONE ELSE
HAS ALSO NOTICED
DELTA, A SKINNY
CADAVEROUS MAN
WITH BLACK
WRAPAROUND SHADES,
KEILLOR.

EARTH APPEARS
IN THE BG)

17. MODEL SHOT. SPACE.

(THE SATELLITE
AND BUS ARE
RUSHING TOWARDS
EACH OTHER)

18. INT. BUS.

(MEL LEANS FORWARD
TO MURRAY)

MEL: Do you often do the 50's run?

MURRAY: Uh-huh. I love that sort
of thing - the music, the haircuts,
the baggy suits.

MEL: The music's the thing that
attracts me. (TO DELTA) Where are
you from?

MURRAY: You're not a late arrival
for the Navarino party, are you?

DELTA: No. I'm ... A Chimeron!

(ANGLE ON KEILLOR
LISTENING. THERE
IS A SPINE-JARRING
CRASH! AS THE
SATELLITE SMASHES
INTO THE FRONT
OF THE BUS, SENDING
IT SPINNING OUT
OF CONTROL.

MURRAY FIGHTS
THE CONTROLS.
PEOPLE START
SCREAMING)

19. EXT. WELSH HILLSIDE. DAY.

(HAWK AND WEISMULLER
ARE BACK AT THE
CALLBOX. WEISMULLER
HAS THE SCOPE TO
HIS EYE. HAWK
IS IMPATIENT)

HAWK: Forget it, Weismuller.
Without those co-ordinates we're
shooting in the dark.

WEISMULLER: Well, I'm not making
that call, I can tell you!

HAWK: The boss said we were to
share everything. That includes
responsibility, you know.

WEISMULLER: Just make the call, Lex.

(THE TELEPHONE
IN THE CALL BOX
RINGS. WEISMULLER
GRABS IT BEFORE
HAWK CAN REACT)

Weismuller here ... yes sir, no,
nothing yet. Gee, that's too bad.
I'll do my best sir.

HAWK: What's up?

WEISMULLER: Bad news - this satellite
thing has gone haywire. The
scientists think it's gonna fall to
Earth somewhere round here. The
Pres wants us to find it before
certain enemy powers get their mitts
onto it.

(HAWK COLLAPSES
THE SCOPE AND
TOSSES IT INTO
THE CAR. HE
AND WEISMULLER
EXCHANGE A GLANCE)

HAWK: If we don't screw up on this
one then it could mean promotion.
We could go home, Weismuller. Home!

(THEY MOVE EAGERLY
OFF)

20. INT. TARDIS.

(THE TARDIS IN
FLIGHT. TIME
ROTOR RISING
AND FALLING.

THE DOCTOR IS
WATCHING HIS
SCREEN IN HORROR
AS THE BUS
TUMBLES OUT
OF CONTROL.

WE HEAR A
WHOOPING SIREN)

21. INT. BUS.

(THE BUS IS
SHAKING VIOLENTLY.
MURRAY IS BATTLING
TO RIGHT IT)

MURRAY: (SHOUTING) Keep calm folks.
Don't panic. We're just experiencing
a little bit of technical difficulty ...

22. INT. TARDIS.

(TARDIS STILL IN
FLIGHT - SHOWN
BY TIME ROTOR.

THE DOCTOR QUICKLY
PRESSING BUTTONS
ON THE CONSOLE.
HE HITS A FINAL
BUTTON, STARTING
A LOUD MECHANICAL
HUM.

THE DOCTOR ANXIOUSLY
WATCHES THE SCREEN)

23. MODEL SHOT.

(A BEAM SHOOTS
OUT FROM THE
TARDIS AND ENGAGES
THE BUS.

IT SLOWS DOWN
AND STEADIES
ITSELF)

24. EXT. WELSH VALLEY. DAY.

(A PRETTY GREEN
VALLEY WITH A
HOLIDAY CAMP,
SHANGRI-LA, SET
ON THE VALLEY
FLOOR.

THE BUS IS
ROCKING ON ITS
SPRINGS, BLOWING
A STREAM OF
SPARKS FROM ITS
ENGINE BAY.

THE TARDIS
MATERIALIZES.
THE DOCTOR RUSHES
UP AS MURRAY
STAGGERS OUT
OF THE BUS,
FOLLOWED BY
THE PASSENGERS)

MURRAY: Th-thanks, Doctor. We
ran into a piece of space junk.
What did you do?

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AT THE
BUS AND SATELLITE)

THE DOCTOR: I simply applied the
Tardis' vortex drive to generate
an anti-gravity spiral strong enough
to halt your descent.

MURRAY: They could sure use a guy
like you at head office.
(LOOKS AROUND) Hey, this doesn't
look like Disneyland!

THE DOCTOR: It seems as if that satellite jammed your navigation pod. As near as I can tell we're somewhere in Wales.

MURRAY: Well, we're going to have to do something with all these people until we can get the bus ship-shape.

THE DOCTOR: Maybe that series of primitive dwellings could be used as some sort of way-station.

(MEL JOINS THEM)

MEL: It's a holiday camp ...

THE DOCTOR: Perfect! Just what we were looking for.

MEL: But Doctor, it looks ... I ... don't know ... a bit grim.

THE DOCTOR: You shouldn't go by appearances, Mel. Often the most interesting people stay at these places. This is the real 50's.

(JUST THEN A
FIGURE APPROACHES
FROM THE CAMP.
BALDING MAN DRESSED
IN A FLORID STYLE.
HE IS BURTON,
CAMP COMMANDER.
HE ADDRESSES MURRAY)

BURTON: We expected you hours ago. Trouble with the bus, eh? Happens all the time. Still, it's not far to the camp.

MURRAY: Erm, do you mind if we rest at the camp until the bus is fixed?

BURTON: Mind? My dear chap,
that's what we're here for.

(HE CLAPS HIS
HANDS AND
GETS EVERYONE'S
ATTENTION)

Welcome, Campers! I am your camp
leader while you are at Shangri-La.
My name is Burton and if there's
anything you need just ask. Right,
follow me!

(HE TURNS AND
STARTS MARCHING
BACK TOWARDS
THE CAMP. THE
BUS PASSENGERS
MILL ABOUT, UNSURE
AS TO WHAT'S
GOING ON)

MURRAY: Erm, that's right, folks.
You follow ... uh ... Burton and
he'll look after you until our
cruiser is ready to roll.

(THE PASSENGERS,
GRUMBLING TO
THEMSELVES, SET
OFF AFTER BURTON.

MEL AND THE DOCTOR
SHARE A LOOK THEN
SHRUG. THEY FOLLOW
EVERYONE ELSE.

MURRAY TAKES A
LAST LOOK AT HIS
BUS THEN FOLLOWS
THE OTHERS)

25. EXT. SHANGRI-LA. DAY.

(A FAIRLY DISMAL
COLLECTION OF
HUTS BUILT AROUND
A GRAVEL SQUARE.
CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND
IN THE B.G.

BURTON APPEARS,
LEADING HIS BAND
OF GRUMBLING
HOLIDAY MAKERS.

WHEN THEY'VE
ALL SHUFFLED INTO
THE SQUARE BURTON
CLAPS HIS HANDS
FOR SILENCE)

BURTON: Welcome to Shangri-La where
your dreams come true! Now, you'll
all be sharing cabins but we eat
together. Over there is the dining
hall with the shower blocks behind.
Breakfast is at eight, lunch at one
and supper at six. Any questions?
Splendid! I'll show you to your
cabins.

(MEL AND DELTA
ARE STRAGGLING
BEHIND THE OTHERS
AS BURTON DEPOSITS
THE PEOPLE IN THE
VARIOUS CABINS.

KEILLOR GIVES
DELTA A FINAL
GLANCE BEFORE
ENTERING HIS CABIN.

WE HEAR SOMEONE
WHISTLING
'WHY DO FOOLS
FALL IN LOVE?'

WE FOLLOW MEL
AND DELTA.
WE REALIZE THAT
IT IS IN FACT
A P.O.V. SHOT.
THE CAMERA REVEALS
BILLY, THE CAMP
MECHANIC. HANDSOME
YOUNG GUY, OVERALLS,
WHITE T-SHIRT
SHOWING THROUGH
AND A QUIFF.
GREASE MARKS ON
HIS FACE. HE
WATCHES KEENLY
AS HE SEES BURTON
USHER THEM INTO
THE SAME CABIN,
THEN RETURNS
TO WORKING ON A
PUMP, STILL
WHISTLING HIS
TUNE)

26. INT. DELTA'S CABIN.

(TWO BEDS AND
DRESSER. MINIMAL.
DOOR OPENS AND
BURTON USHERS
THE WOMEN INSIDE)

BURTON: You'll find a list of our
rules and regulations behind the
door. No questions? Splendid!

(HE EXITS.

MEL SMILES AT
DELTA WHO'S
FIGHTING BACK
THE TEARS)

MEL: Not that it makes much
difference but which bed would
you like?

(DELTA SEEMS
NOT TO HAVE
HEARD)

Well, I don't really mind. One
seems as good as the other. (cont...)

(MEL PUTS HER
BAG ONTO ONE
BED.

DELTA PUTS THE
SILVER SPHERE
ONTO THE OTHER
BED AND SINKS
DOWN, HEAD IN
HANDS)

MEL: (CONT) Look, I know
it isn't like the brochure
but don't be too upset.

(DELTA SADLY
RAISES HER HEAD)

DELTA: How long are we in this
place?

MEL: Just 'til the bus is fixed.

DELTA: And then?

MEL: Then we'll go to Disneyland,
I suppose.

DELTA: (WEARILY) It might give
me enough time.

MEL: I can see that something's
bothering you. Do you want to
talk about it?

DELTA: No.

(DELTA REACHES
INTO HER JACKET
AND PRODUCES THE
ZAP GUN WHICH
SHE CHECKS.

MEL LOOKS
SLIGHTLY NERVOUS)

27. EXT. SHANGRI-LA. DAY.

(BURTON LEADS MURRAY
AND THE DOCTOR
TOWARDS BILLY)

BURTON: Your cabin is at the end.
Now, if you want some help with your
bus I'm sure our young mechanic would
be pleased to assist. See you at
lunch!

(BURTON LEAVES.)

BILLY STANDS,
WIPING HIS HANDS
ON AN OILY RAG,
EXTENDS HIS
HAND TO MURRAY
THEN THE DOCTOR)

BILLY: Hi, I'm Billy.

MURRAY: Murray.

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

BILLY: Old man Burton said there
was something wrong with your bus,
is that right?

MURRAY: We hit this low orbital
satellite which jammed the navipod
and here we are!

(BILLY LOOKS AT HIM
WITH SOME SUSPICION,
UNSURE AS TO WHETHER
OR NOT HIS LEG'S
BEING PULLED)

BILLY: Well, if it's got four wheels
I can fix it.

THE DOCTOR: It shouldn't take too
long to repair - I have a spare
Quarb crystal on the Tardis.

(BILLY STARES AT
HIM.

MURRAY AND THE
DOCTOR GO OUT
THROUGH THE
CAMP GATES
TOWARDS THE BUS.

BILLY PICKS UP
HIS TOOL BAG
AND FOLLOWS,
QUIZZICAL)

28. EXT. BUS. DAY.

(BILLY JOINS MURRAY
AND THE DOCTOR.

MURRAY LIFTS THE
BONNET OF THE
BUS.

THE DOCTOR AND
BILLY PEER INSIDE.

BILLY WHISTLES -
WE SEE THE REASON.

INSTEAD OF A
GRUBBY OLD DIESEL
ENGINE THE BUS
HAS A HI-TECH
JET BURNER UNDER
THE HOOD)

BILLY: I've never seen an engine
like that!

MURRAY: She's a Hellstrom Fireball,
capable of Warp 5 with a good tailwind.

(THE DOCTOR REACHES
INTO THE BAY AND
PRODUCES THE
SATELLITE)

THE DOCTOR: This is the cause of
the problem - an extremely crude
low-orbit satellite capable of only
the most rudimentary radio transmissions

(MURRAY TAKES THE
SATELLITE AND
PUTS IT ON THE
BUS ROOF-RACK.
HE THEN WRITES
IN A NOTEBOOK)

MURRAY: Thanks Doctor. I have to fill in an accident report or Head Office will withdraw my licence. As it is, it's touch and go.

BILLY: Uh ... Exactly what is it you're trying to do?

(THE DOCTOR POINTS
TO A SMALL BLACK
BOX WITH A CRYSTAL
AT THE CENTRE)

THE DOCTOR: That's the navipod. If we can unbolt it then we can replace the damaged crystal.

(BILLY DIVES INTO
THE ENGINE WITH
HIS SPANNERS.

THE DOCTOR ENTERS
THE TARDIS AND
REAPPEARS A MOMENT
LATER WITH A SMALL
REINFORCED BOX.

BILLY EMERGES FROM
THE ENGINE BAY
TRIUMPHANTLY
HOLDING THE NAVIPOD)

Well done. Now, inside this box is the only Quarb crystal this side of the Softel Nebula.

MURRAY: It was really lucky you came along, Doctor. (ASIDE). Head Office said this was my last chance to make good.

(THE DOCTOR HANDS
THE BOX TO MURRAY
AND STARTS UNSCREWING
THE LID OF THE
NAVIPOD.

THE LID COMES OFF
AND THE DOCTOR
TAKES OUT A BROKEN
CRYSTAL.

MURRAY OPENS THE
BOX AND TAKES OUT
THE NEW CRYSTAL.

HE SLIPS IT INTO
THE NAVIPOD AND
THE DOCTOR SCREWS
THE LID BACK)

THE DOCTOR: Carefully does it now.
There!

BILLY: I'll refit it.

(BILLY AND MURRAY
DUCK INTO THE
ENGINE.

WE HEAR AN
APPROACHING SCOOTER.

A RED LAMBRETTA
SCOOTER DRAWS UP.

THE RIDER IN BLACK
JEANS AND DENIM
JACKET TAKES OFF
HER HELMET AND
SHAKES DOWN HER
HAIR.

SHE'S RACHEL - RAY -
AND SWEET ON BILLY
WHO HASN'T YET
NOTICED SHE'S A
GIRL)

RAY: Hi Billy.

BILLY: Hi Rachel. This is Murray
and the Doctor.

RAY: Please call me Ray. Do you guys want a hand?

MURRAY: You haven't by any chance got a one-and-five-eights socket, have you?

(RAY DIGS INTO HER
SHOULDER BAG AND
PRODUCES THE RIGHT
ITEM.

MURRAY IS AGOG.

THE DOCTOR IS
TAKING MORE OF
AN INTEREST IN
HER TOO.

MURRAY TAKES IT
AND JOINS BILLY
WORKING ON THE
ENGINE)

THE DOCTOR: Do you always carry
a full set of tools around with you?

RAY: It's what Billy taught me -
always to be prepared.

THE DOCTOR: Absolutely. A stitch
in time is worth two in space.

(SHE SNEAKS A GLANCE
AT BILLY WHO HAS
STEPPED BACK AND IS
WATCHING MURRAY
WORK.

MURRAY IS GRUNTING
AS HE TIGHTENS THE
NAVIPOD INTO PLACE.

SOMETHING CLANGS!

MURRAY APPEARS
WHEY-FACED FROM
ENGINE BAY, HOLDING
THE BROKEN CRYSTAL
IN HIS HAND)

MURRAY: (AGHAST) I've broken it!
The new crystal - no licence, no
job, no future!

THE DOCTOR: There will always be
a future. If you think it would
help I could transport everyone in
the Tardis.

MURRAY: Thanks Doctor, but a captain
never leaves his ship.

THE DOCTOR: There is another
alternative - I can accelerate growth
in the thermobooster and create a
new crystal in about twenty-four
hours.

MURRAY: (LIGHTING UP) That's
fantastic! You've saved my life,
Doctor. I can't see any problem
with staying here for twenty-four
hours.

RAY: Great. I'll see you all at
the dance then.

MURRAY: A dance - with live music?

RAY: Uh-huh. Billy here plays great
rock 'n roll.

MURRAY: Sounds too good to miss.

RAY: Okay - see you later, alligator!

MURRAY: (TO DOCTOR) I just love
all that 50's talk!

(SHE STARTS THE
SCOOTER AND
RIDES AWAY)

THE DOCTOR: A most personable young
woman, that. Practical too. She
seems most fond of you, Billy.

BILLY: She's OK. Like my little
sister, you know.

(BILLY STARTS
PACKING HIS
TOOLS)

If you don't need me for anything
else I'll go and wash up for dinner.

MURRAY: Sounds like a good idea
- all this spannering really works
up an appetite.

THE DOCTOR: I don't know much about
spanners, but I used to have a sonic
screwdriver.

(THEY ALL TURN
AND START WALKING
BACK TO CAMP)

29. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. DAY.

(MEL IS UNPACKING
HER SUITCASE -
50'S CLOTHES LAID
OUT ON THE BED.

DELTA IS PUTTING
A FRESH CLIP INTO
HER GUN.

WE HEAR A LOUD
GONG IN BACKGROUND.

DELTA GRABS HER
GUN AND JUMPS
TO A POSITION
BESIDE THE WINDOW)

DELTA: (HISSING) What's that?!

MEL: It's ... uh ... The dinner
gong.

(DELTA LOOKS AT HER
WITH SUSPICION THEN
PEEPS THROUGH THE
WINDOW.

SHE SIGHS AND PUTS
HER GUN DOWN)

I ... uh ... As soon as I've finished
unpacking I think I'll go and get
something to eat.

DELTA: Can you be trusted?

MEL: (NERVOUS) Oh yes! Utterly!
Discretion is my middle name.

(MEL SMILES WINNINGLY.

DELTA LOOKS AT HER
WITH SUSPICION, BUT
THEN DECIDES THAT
SHE'S ALRIGHT.

MEL SMILES AND
EXITS, TIPTOEING
AND TRYING TO LOOK
UNCONCERNED)

30. EXT. SHANGRI-LA. BOAT SHED. DAY.

(BILLY IS WORKING
ON HIS BIKE, A
GLEAMING VINCENT
BLACK SHADOW WITH
SIDECAR.

THE TOURIST AND
THE WOMAN WATCH
FASCINATED)

TOURIST: What is it?

BILLY: This here's a Vincent Black
Shadow - finest motorcycle in the
world.

WOMAN: But what does it do?

BILLY: Oh, about 130 on a good day.
That's without the sidecar, of course.

TOURIST: (MYSTIFIED) A hundred
and thirty what?

BILLY: Miles an hour of course.

WOMAN: I see! It's a form of
transport.

(MEL WALKS PAST)

31. INT. SHANGRI-LA. DINING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR SITS
ALONE AT A TABLE,
EATING.

MEL ENTERS AND
JOINS HIM, TAKING
AN APPLE FROM HIS
TRAY.

DELTA ENTERS A
MOMENT LATER.

SHE SITS ALONE
AND ALOOF.

KEILLOR WATCHES
HER)

MEL: There's something odd going
on here, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's home -
at least until the navipod is fixed.
Speaking personally, I rather like it.

MEL: I'm determined to try and enjoy
myself. If I can ...

THE DOCTOR: Excellent! Now, about
your room-mate ...

MEL: She's got a gun!

THE DOCTOR: A photon blaster?

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MEL: I didn't stop to check the
type! She's very on edge ...

THE DOCTOR: Have you spoken to her
at all?

MEL: Of course, but she's totally
withdrawn. And guns make me nervous.

(BILLY ENTERS AND
PICKS UP A TRAY.

HE GETS SOME FOOD
AND PULLS UP A
CHAIR OPPOSITE
DELTA.

SHE GLANCES UP
BRIEFLY AT HIM.

BILLY SMILES -
THEY HAVE A MOMENT'S
EYE CONTACT THEN
SHE GETS UP AND
LEAVES.

BILLY AND THE
DOCTOR WATCH HER
GO)

THE DOCTOR: If she's who I think
she is then she's in danger ...

MEL: From someone here?

THE DOCTOR: That's what we have
to discover.

(BURTON HAS GOT
TO HIS FEET
AND IS TAPPING
A GLASS FOR
SILENCE)

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BURTON: This is to remind you that tonight we are having our Get-To-Know-You dance. Everyone is most welcome. From eight 'til late.

(HE SITS.

MEL RISES)

THE DOCTOR: Try and get her to come to the dance. She might be willing to speak to me later on.

MEL: I'll see what I can do.

(SHE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
FOR HIS APPLE.

KEILLOR WATCHES
HER GO)

32. INT. SPACE TOLL. NIGHT.

(GAVROK AND A COUPLE
OF HIS THUGS HAVE
TURNED THE PLACE
OVER.

THE TOLMASTER IS
STANDING AND QUAKING.

GAVROK TAKES A ZAP
GUN FROM HIS BELT
AND CROSSES TO THE
TOLLMASTER. HE PUTS
THE GUN AGAINST HIS
HEAD)

GAVROK: For the last time - tell
me her destination and I'll let you
live.

TOLLMASTER: It's ... It's strictly
confidential ...

GAVROK: (COCKING HIS WEAPON) I
am getting tired of all this. Tell
me now!

TOLLMASTER: They were going ...
They were going to Disneyland when
they hit the satellite. They were
blown off course - I don't know where.

GAVROK: You can't do any better
than that?

TOLLMASTER: (QUAKING) Please, I
honestly don't know!

(GAVROK SUDDENLY
RELAXES AND PATS
HIM ON THE SHOULDER)

GAVROK: I can see you've done your
best.

(GAVROK SUDDENLY
SPINS AND SHOOTS
THE TOLLMASER
DEAD.

HIS HENCHMEN
GATHER AROUND)

We have wasted enough time here.

(TURNING TO HIS
CAPTAIN)

Plot a course for Earth. I want
every informer throughout the
Galaxy on the lookout for her.

(THEY ALL EXIT)

33. INT. DANCE HALL. SHANGRI-LA. NIGHT.

(A BARN-LIKE HALL
WITH STREAMERS
AND A BANNER SAYING
SHANGRI-LA 1959.

SMALL STAGE AT ONE
END WITH A BAND
ON IT.

BILLY IS LEAD
GUITARIST AND
SINGER. THE NAME
ON THE DRUM KIT
IS 'THE LORELLS'.

THE DOCTOR NEAR
THE STAGE INSPECTING
A LARGE, WICKED
LOOKING LOUDSPEAKER.

THE SOUND OF THE
BAND TUNING UP
COMES THROUGH THIS.
THE BAND BEGINS
TO JAM ON A LOUD
ROCK AND ROLL
TUNE.

BILLY JOINS THE
DOCTOR.

THE MUSIC RISES
IN VOLUME THROUGHOUT
THEIR DIALOGUE)

BILLY: How do you like it, Doctor?
I built it myself. With spare parts
from the war.

THE DOCTOR: (AS THE MUSIC RISES) How
appropriate.

BILLY: What?

THE DOCTOR: I said, for a primitive piece of technology, it can certainly deliver the decibels!

BILLY: That's what rock and roll is all about!

(HE JUMPS UP
ONTO THE STAGE
AND JOINS THE
BAND IN FULL SWING,
THEIR JAMMING
NOW A RECOGNISABLE
TUNE - "SINGING
THE BLUES".

THE DOCTOR CROSSES
THE CROWDED
DANCE FLOOR.

THE CAMP STAFF
ARE ALL PRESENT,
IDENTIFIED BY
COATS LIKE BURTON,
THEY MINGLE WITH
THE GUESTS.

THE DOCTOR JOINS
MURRAY NEAR THE
DOOR)

MURRAY: This is great. The 1950's nights back on Navarro were never like this.

(JUST THEN MEL
AND DELTA APPEAR,
BOTH DRESSED TO
THE NINES.

MURRAY GRABS MEL
AND WHIRLS HER
AROUND THE DANCE
FLOOR. DELTA
STOPS AS SHE CATCHES
THE DOCTOR'S EYE,
THEN WALKS TO THE
FRONT OF THE STAGE.

THE DOCTOR IS
WATCHING HER WHEN
HE SUDDENLY BECOMES
AWARE OF SOMEONE
AT HIS SIDE.

HE TURNS AND GAWPS
- IT'S RAY, WHO
IS OUT OF HER
BIKING GEAR AND
LOOKING VERY FEMININE.

SHE SMILES)

RAY: See, Doctor? It's not all
that bad now, is it?

THE DOCTOR: I ... uh ... No, not
at all. Rather nice in fact.

RAY: Let's go to the front. I
can't see Billy properly from here.

THE DOCTOR: Have you known each
other for a long time?

RAY: Since we were kids. I even
learned all about motorbikes in the
hope that it'd make him notice me.
But it doesn't seem to have made a
blind bit of difference.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, let's go to
the front.

(HE TAKES RAY'S
ARM AND GUIDES
HER THROUGH THE
CROWD.

THE SONG ENDS AS
THEY REACH THE
STAGE.

EVERYONE CLAPS.

BILLY TAKES THE
MIKE)

BILLY: Thanks folks. And now a romantic number from across the pond - for a very special lady in the audience - Why do fools fall in love?

(HE WINKS AT
SOMEONE IN THE
CROWD.

RAY THINKS IT'S
HER AND SHE'S IN
HEAVEN UNTIL SHE
SEES THAT BILLY'S
GAZE IS IN FACT
NOT ON HER - SHE
TURNS AND SEES
DELTA HAS BILLY'S
EYE.

RAY'S FACE REGISTERS
HER PAIN AND SHE
STARTS TO PUSH HER
WAY THROUGH THE
CROWD TOWARDS THE
DOOR.

SOMEONE GRABS HER
ARM AND SHE TURNS
- TO SEE THE DOCTOR -
LOOKING AWKWARD)

THE DOCTOR: I was wondering, Ray ...

RAY: Thank you, Doctor, I'd love to!

(RAY SMILES
APPRECIATIVELY AND
DRAGS HIM ONTO THE
FLOOR. IT'S
UNCERTAIN WHETHER
THE DOCTOR WOULD'VE
ASKED HER TO DANCE
BUT HE'S TOO
GRACIOUS TO CREATE
A FUSS.

BILLY AND DELTA ARE
GAZING INTO EACH
OTHER'S EYES WHILE
THE BAND PLAYS ON)

34. EXT. HILLTOP. NIGHT.

(THE PUP TENT
HAS BEEN ERECTED
WITH THE TELESCOPE
STICKING OUT
THROUGH THE FLAP.

A LOW FIRE BURNS
OUTSIDE, THROWING
DANCING LIGHT
ONTO THE TENT)

WEISMULLER: (V.O.) Hey Hawk, go
and put some more wood on the fire.

HAWK: (V.O.) Why don't you,
Weismuller?

WEISMULLER: (V.O.) Because you're
next to the flap, Hawk.

HAWK: (V.O.) Yeah, well take your
feet out of my face first.

(THE TENT GIVES
A POWERFUL LURCH
THEN HAWK STAGGERS
OUT.

HE THROWS A LOG
ON THE FIRE)

I'll get you, Weismuller!

35. EXT. DANCE HALL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
MURRAY EMERGE
FROM THE DANCE
HALL, PUFFING
AND FANNING
THEMSELVES.)

MUSIC IN B.G.)

MURRAY: Whew! It's hot in there!

THE DOCTOR: You Navarinos have a
notoriously high metabolic rate.

MURRAY: Yeah. That hula hoop
competition nearly finished me off.

(THEY STAND CATCHING
THEIR BREATH. THEN
THE DOOR FLIES OPEN
AND DELTA RUSHES
OUT TO DISAPPEAR
INTO THE NIGHT.)

THE DOCTOR STARTS
AFTER HER)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me, Murray.

MURRAY: Hey! You'll miss the
goodnight song, Doctor!

(THE DOCTOR ALSO
DISAPPEARS INTO
THE NIGHT.)

MURRAY TURNS AND
GOES BACK INSIDE.

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TILT UP TO
REVEAL A P.A. HORN
WHICH CRACKLES
INTO LIFE.

WE HEAR A VOICE
START SINGING
'GOODNIGHT, CAMPERS'
TO THE TUNE OF
'GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART')

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36. EXT. LAUNDRY STORE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR APPEARS
FROM THE DARK AND
WALKS DOWN A WOOD
'SIDEWALK' OUTSIDE
THE HUTS, LISTENING
AS HE GOES.

HE FINALLY STOPS
OUTSIDE A HUT
MARKED 'LINEN
STORE'. HE'S
CAUGHT A SOUND.
HE LISTENS HARD.

WE HEAR A FAINT
SOBBING.

HE GENTLY PUSHES
OPEN THE DOOR.

SONG CONTINUES IN
B.G.)

37. INT. LAUNDRY STORE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR
ENTERS. SITTING
ON A PILE OF CLEAN
LINEN IS RAY,
DABBING HER EYES.

SHE PUTS ON A
BRAVE SMILE AS
SOON AS SHE SEES
HIM)

RAY: Hi, I was just ... uh ... I
don't know, Doctor, am I being a
fool? Billy didn't even offer
me a ride home.

THE DOCTOR: There's many a slap
twixt cup and lap, Ray ...

RAY: Somehow I always thought
we'd end up together. Shows how
wrong you can be. Tch! Listen to
me! What are you doing here, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I was hoping to find
someone ...

(WE HEAR THE
DOOR OPENING)

RAY: (WHISPERING URGENTLY) We're
not supposed to be in here!

(SHE AND THE DOCTOR
HIDE BEHIND THE
TALL SHELVES.

WE HEAR THE DOOR
BEING LOCKED.

THEY STAND STOCK
STILL, HOLDING
THEIR BREATH AND
LISTENING. SOMEONE
IS MAKING LITTLE
MECHANICAL CLICKING
NOISES ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THE LAUNDRY PILE.

THE DOCTOR STANDS
UP AND PEEPS OVER
THE TOP.

KEILLOR HAS
EXTENDED THE
AERIAL ON A SMALL
TRANSMITTER WHICH
HE HOLDS TO HIS
MOUTH)

KEILLOR: Connect me with the
Bannermen Leader ...

(GAVROK (V.O.)
THROUGH A FILTER
OF STATIC)

GAVROK: Bannermen One - go ahead.

KEILLOR: I believe that you're
offering a reward for the Chimeron
queen.

GAVROK: (V.O.) Affirmative - one
million units. Do you have information?

KEILLOR: I have found her. Repeat,
I have found her.

GAVROK: (V.O.) What is your status?

KEILLOR: I am a soldier of fortune.
Now, do you want to trade or not?

GAVROK: (V.O.) Affirmative.

KEILLOR: She is at a place called Shangri-la, in South Wales, Western Hemisphere, Earth. Lock onto this signal to guide you in ...

GAVROK: (V.O.) The reward will be yours when we arrive. End transmission.

(KIELLOR GRINS
TO HIMSELF AND
THROWS A SWITCH
ON THE TRANSMITTER
WHICH FLASHES AND
BLEEPS IN SIGNAL
MODE.

THE DOCTOR IS
LOOKING AGHAST.
ESPECIALLY AS THE
SHELF WHICH HE'S
PEEPING THROUGH
IS INCH DEEP WITH
DUST. THE DOCTOR
STARTS TO WRINKLE
HIS NOSE, TRYING
TO FIGHT OFF A SNEEZE.

KEILLOR STARTS TO
UNLOCK THE DOOR WHEN
THERE IS A MASSIVE
SNEEZE FROM BEHIND
THE LINEN.

KEILLOR PRODUCES
A ZAP GUN. HE
STARTS CAUTIOUSLY
ADVANCING TOWARDS
THE SOUND)

38. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(DELTA SITS AT
THE DRESSING TABLE
BRUSHING HER HAIR.

MEL SITS ON
DELTA'S BED, THE
SILVER ORB BEHIND
HER.

DELTA LOOKS AT
MEL IN THE MIRROR)

DELTA: Thank you ...

MEL: What for?

DELTA: For lending me your dress.
For making an effort to be kind.

MEL: I'd help anyone in trouble,
if I could ...

DELTA: Mel, there's something you
should know ...

39. INT. LINEN STORE. NIGHT.

(KEILLOR HAS
THE DOCTOR AND
RAY AT GUNPOINT, BACKED UP
AGAINST THE PILES
OF LINEN. HE
STILL HOLDS THE
BLEEPING TRANSMITTER)

KEILLOR: What a marvellous bonus.
You're the traveller called The
Doctor. Your death will make me
richer still.

THE DOCTOR: If you kill for money
then let the girl go. She isn't
worth anything to you.

KEILLOR: I don't just kill for
money. It's also something I enjoy
...

(KEILLOR RAISES
HIS WEAPON AND
TAKES AIM.

THE DOCTOR STEPS
IN FRONT OF RAY.

WE HEAR THE
INSISTENT BLEEP
OF THE TRANSMITTER)

40. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(MEL AND DELTA.

MEL STARING AT
THE SILVER ORB
AS IT SHUDDERS
VIOLENTLY AND
BEGINS TO SPLIT
OPEN)

41. EXT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(BILLY SLICKS
BACK HIS HAIR,
TRIES TO STRAIGHTEN
UP THE BUNCH OF
WILTED FLOWERS
IN HIS HAND, AND
SQUARES HIS
SHOULDERS AS HE
STEPS UP TO THE
CABIN DOOR.

END B.G. SONG
WITH A FINAL
'GOODNIGHT'.

BILLY GRINS.

HE RAISES HIS
KNUCKLES TO RAP
ON THE DOOR WHEN
HE HEARS A PIERCING
SCREAM! FROM
INSIDE.

IN A SECOND HE
BACKS UP AND
CHARGES THE DOOR
WITH HIS SHOULDER)

42. INT. DELTA'S CABIN. NIGHT.

(BILLY FLIES
THROUGH THE DOOR
AND IS BROUGHT
UP SHORT BY
WHAT HE SEES -
MEL IS BACKED
UP AGAINST THE
FAR WALL, HER
HAND COVERING
HER MOUTH.

HE CAN'T BELIEVE
HIS EYES - ON THE
BED IS A SMALL
UGLY GREEN BABY
CHIMERON BESIDE
BROKEN EGGSHELL.

AND DELTA'S
WALKING TOWARDS
IT - ARMS
OUTSTRETCHED,
SMILING)

DELTA: My baby. My beautiful
baby.

SUPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

FADE OUT